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SCOUTS, BEND, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 10, 1913

PRES. WILSON'S MASTERY.
In no particular has Pres. Wilson's inflexible purpose to redeem the pledges of the democratic platform been more apparent than in the revision of the tariff, which reached one of its final stages yesterday. The work has been consistently conducted and practically completed with consummate skill.

Pres. Wilson faced a complex situation when he called the special session of congress to revise the tariff. He had the unmistakable sentiment of the country behind him, but obstinate and delicate situations in front of him. How well he has managed the results show.

First there was the natural antagonism between the two wings of the party, the conservative, as represented by Rep. Underwood, and the liberal, under the leadership of Mr. Bryan. Then came the opposition within the party ranks to free sugar and free wool. Republican resistance could be relied upon, while the progressives played hot and cold.

Through it all Pres. Wilson maintained a steady hand on the tiller. He stood pat on the party platform and his personal pledges to the country. He made it impossible for all democrats but the sugar and wool representatives in congress to oppose him. He did not seem to crack the party whip, and yet he exerted a powerful influence.

And this is the way he did it. When democratic senators became obstreperous he would say, "A number of these gentlemen are men of strong character with marked individuality and opinion, but when it comes to party policy they are all men who are large enough to see the importance of subordinating individual beliefs to their party's welfare."

They could not get away from that. The president recognized the perfect right of these men to hold to their individual beliefs and opinions. He did not quarrel with them about it. No attempt was made to belittle, convert or change their views, but when the party's welfare and, as the president believed, the country's welfare called for something contrary to their opinions and views there was nothing to do but to sacrifice them.

In this manner, by appealing to the party pride and loyalty of the democrats in congress and by invading the precincts of the legislative halls as an evidence of his personal and official interest in the questions at issue the president has presented a solid front to the opposition and without undue haste has brought about the revision of the tariff in a comparatively short period.

Pres. Wilson has in this instance proved himself to be master of the situation and capable of handling it in a manner that will produce the results desired by the people.

SILENCE!
In less than two months the voters of South Bend will be called upon to choose the municipal officers for the next four years. The list of candidates is large and varied and each party or faction represents an idea of its own.

In other words, to quote the language of a popular song, "Every little movement has a meaning of its own."

For instance, there are the republican and progressive parties. They are in the race, not with the expectation of electing their candidates, but for the sole purpose of maintaining the integrity of their organizations.

They are wise enough to look to the future. They know there will be more elections after awhile and that they will be in better position to win if they do not permit their organizations to go to pieces in the faint hope of gaining a doubtful temporary advantage.

The democratic party is standing on its own record of the past twelve years. Without comment it points to the advance South Bend has made during that period in physical, moral and commercial growth. The evidence is unmistakable. It must carry conviction to every fair minded man.

The democratic party in South Bend does not need the vindication of an election. The evidences of its good work are ample proof of the honesty and efficiency of its administration.

But what can be said for the illegitimate offspring of the unholy combination formed by the Tribune, William H. Hupp and Fred Keller—the so-called citizens' movement?

We pause for a reply.

Silence.

WOMAN IN POLITICS.
Illinois politicians have a new problem to solve. It is a problem in which precedent will become interesting and important either for their value or their lack of it.

What attitude shall the party organization assume toward the woman vote?

That is the question which is puzzling the Illinois politicians just now, and it will rise to confront the politicians of other states as rapidly as suffrage is extended. Consequently what the Illinois politicians do will be watched with interest by the politicians of other states where female suffrage is imminent or prospective.

One plan contemplates inviting a full and free participation in party councils, though the franchise granted in Illinois is limited. Another plan is to have a dual organization in each precinct, but that probably partakes too much of the Quaker idea to become popular.

Of course these plans have been discussed without consulting the women. That is the way of hard headed men. They have too much ivory in their skull construction. It would seem that at least the married men should avoid making a mistake of that kind. But they don't.

Now, we have a hunch that woman will be as tractable in politics as they are in the domestic sphere—just about, no more, no less. Possibly she may be more militant. At any rate, it would be imprudent, if not folly, to anticipate that woman will be a clinging vine in the new field of activity that is being opened to her.

Man should have the foresight to see that woman will have her say, and that much of what she says will go.

DIARY OF FATHER TIME.
The earliest period of human industry is called the "Stone Age", because in digging about among the remains of the past, archaeologists find relics made of stone always lower down than relics made of metal.

The ancient savages were marvelous workers in stone. They knew in each region what stone was best for their purpose. They found out where the material abounded under the best conditions to be worked. They planned apparatus for mining and quarrying it. They transported the material for long distances, half-shaped to reduce weight, and made treaties with hostile tribes to secure the right to visit the coveted spot.

The prehistoric man could tell just how each kind of stone ought to be worked, and he would do its work after it was shaped. To such a state of perfection did they arrive that our most skillful flint-workers, aided by the finest tools of today, are not able to reproduce some of the perfect specimens to be found in our museums.

Pres. Wilson is not disposed to let the currency bill go over to the regular session. He thinks it can be formulated and passed at the extra session, and the success of the tariff bill bears him out in his judgment.

Sec. McAdoo's provision for the moving of crops was timely. The national bank report shows an increase in loans and a decrease in deposits, the conditions that produce stringency.

The amazing thing is that after all that has been said and thought the organizers of the so-called citizens' movement go about the streets clothed in their diaphanous shame.

The tariff bill has reached fruition in a deliberate, dignified course. It is the expression of the will of the people as intelligently interpreted by Pres. Wilson.

Mr. Jerome gracefully accepted the apology of the Canadian court before which he was tried on the charge of gambling, and the court seemed quite relieved.

Local politics bear an important relation to the affairs of the state and the nations. It is unwise to run off after new prophets lest they be false.

China's note of regret to Japan may satisfy diplomatic demands, but it will hardly appease the appetite of the Japanese mob for Chinese scalps.

It might be prudent to examine the head of a democrat who is not loyal to his party in this hour of its triumphant vindication.

Sudden impulse prompts many a reprehensible act. The so-called citizens' movement is the product of a sudden impulse.

That odious odor emanates from the exposed remains of the so-called citizens' movement.

The cooler weather is driving the flies to the houses.

BY BERTON BRALEY.
Our hearts are very tender
Toward maidens sweet and slender,
And gladly do we render
Our homage to the Fair:
Yet we are sick of faces
Of dolls and dolls and graces
Who slip from their places
On covers everywhere!

Their charm is evanescent,
We've come to find them pleasant—
These girls forever present
On magazines galore;
So—benedict or lover—
About the stands we hover
Hoping to note a cover
That endures heavy paper.
Where girls are seen no more,
Oh, editors, have pity!

MARRIED LIFE THE FIRST YEAR.
AFTER THE HONEYMOON
BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.
"Helen, where did you put my shoe trees?"
"Your shoe trees? I haven't seen any."
"But that hasn't been unpacked yet. Don't you remember you said leave that to the last—that it held mostly your winter clothes and things you wouldn't need soon."
"Well, I forgot about the shoe trees. We'll have to get them out."
Helen assented eagerly. She loved to unpack and handle his things. It seemed to bring her nearer to him—to make her position of wife more sweet and intimate. One of her greatest pleasures since their marriage had been in unpacking and arranging his clothes and books in their new home.

When she unpacked these things, she would tell herself, he had done it alone. And now, she, his wife, was unpacking them. They belonged now to her too.

A Surrounding Glamour.
A man's wardrobe and possessions are always full of interest and charm for his young wife. Just the masculinity of it all appeals to her. His shaving apparatus, his collars and ties, and military brushes—all these things are surrounded with a glamour—both because they are essentially masculine and because they are his.

Helen spent hours lingering over them, arranging and rearranging them in his chiffonier and clothes closet.

She found many things, college and schoolboy trophies that seemed to take her into periods of his life in which she had no place, and of which until now, she had been vaguely jealous.

So she greeted joyfully the thought of another trunk to be opened, and more things of his which she had not yet seen.

"Where are the keys? I think there are some vests in that trunk which I want out too."

They went into the little room they had reserved for a store-room. Later on it was to be turned into an extra bedroom, but just now it was full of packing boxes and trunks.

Unlocking the Trunk.
He dragged the trunk toward the window, unfastened the iron clamps and then tried to unlock it. But the key would not turn. He shook the lock, lifted it up and pressed down, but still the key remained fixed.

"Perhaps it isn't the right key, dear," she suggested.

"It's the right key, all right, but the lock's been sprung."

Then he tried to force it, but without success. His face was flushed now and he was fast losing patience.

"Have you a chisel around here? It needs raising."

"I don't think we have a chisel."

"Well, what have you got?" irritably, "that I can slip under here?"

"Would a tack hammer do?" anxiously. "The end you draw tacks with?"

"Let's see it," briefly.

She hurried into the kitchen and back.

"That!" contemptuously, holding up a meagre little tack hammer. "Got it at the ten cent store didn't you? When you buy tools, don't you know enough to buy good ones?"

"I didn't buy that," apologetically. "I think Anna did."

The Hammer Breaks.
"Well, one of the first things you should have bought was a good box of household tools from some reliable hardware dealer. How do you expect to fix things up here without anything to work with? Now, you see about that tomorrow."

"I will, dear," conciliatorily, "the very first thing," as she meekly picked up the despised tack hammer he had thrown on the floor.

"Here, give me that! I'll see what I can do."

He tried to insert the claw edge under the locks, but each time it would slip. He was growing more and more impatient. Finally he got it under, gave an upward pressure—and the handle broke, one end flying up and hitting him in the face.

Furious, he sprang to his feet with an oath. "That's a thing to give a man to open a trunk with! You ought to know better than that! You squander all kinds of money on all sorts of foolish things, but when it comes to buying a few decent household tools—a miserable little ten cent tack hammer is the best you can do!"

"Oh, did it hurt you?" Thinking only of that and of his unmanly ableness in blaming her. "Did it hurt you?"

"No, but it wasn't your fault that it didn't. Now I'll get something to open that blasted lock or I'll know the reason why!"

He strode out into the hall and rang the bell fiercely. The elevator came flying up.

"Here, giving the boy a quarter. Go down and borrow from the janitor a chisel and hammer—good strong ones—do you hear? And hurry about it, too. I'll wait here."

In a few moments the boy came up with a long chisel and a big fierce looking hammer.

He took it into the store room where Helen was waiting nervously.

Uncontrolled Rage.
"Now I guess we'll get this open," grimly.

He slipped the chisel under the lock and struck it viciously with the hammer.

"Oh, dear—don't—don't—you'll break it!"

He glared at her.

"Who's doing this, you or I?"

She shrunk back.

He gave the chisel another stroke—this time it slipped out and hit the trunk. Then, with a muttered oath, he threw down the hammer and with all his strength wrenched up the lock with the chisel, leaving the trunk marred and the lock shattered.

Then he drew open the trunk with such force that it was almost torn from the hinges in the back.

"You can get out those things when you get ready! I've had enough of this!" And he strode out of the room, slamming the door hard.

Helen leaned her head against the open trunk and sobbed weakly. There is nothing that so unnerves a woman as an exhibition of unreasonableness, uncontrollable rage on the part of the man she loves.

To Helen this was as yet a new experience. And it left her sick at heart.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 10.—A mailbag from New York city opened in the local postoffice was found to contain under the mail matter a cat and four newly born kittens. All were alive and apparently unharmed.

These girls—of course—are pretty. But Phyllis, Maude and Kitty. Have palled beyond a doubt; So cease to put before us. That endless heavy paper. We've seen 'em till they bore us, We pray these—cut 'em out!

THE MELTING POT
IS IT COOL ENOUGH FOR YOU?
In the early morning hours, Between darkness and the dawn, When the cocks begin to crow And the milkman stalks the lawn; When in your troubled sleep You reach for the blanket too, And cuddle under quite content, Is it cool enough for you?

At evening when the sun goes down, And the clematis perfume Scents the air of the verandah In the essence of its bloom; And the neighbors saunter over For a minute's chat or two, Of your mutual acquaintances, Is it cool enough for you?

UNTIL we read that one of the defeated candidates in the first Maine district is a "sardine manufacturer" we labored under the misconception that this was a natural product and no more "manufactured" than a slab of bacon or a boiled lobster.

Very Much Depends.
Ed. M. P.: Of course it is "awful," and all that, in a way,—feminine styles in skirt apparel, but may it not be that after awhile we will get over considering the subject so feverishly? An octogenarian will tell you that entrance to and exit from masculine trousers was accomplished in early days by means of a drop to the anterior portion of the garment, somewhat in the nature of a sagon; and that when the present style was introduced it was considered simply shameful, fit only to be adopted by young sports with little or no character to sustain or lose. So much depends on being accustomed to a fashion.

WE cannot hold the Melting Pot for the finish, but presumably, at this hour, the tariff baby has been duly brought into the world, washed and dressed, so far as that well known obstetrician, the senate, is concerned. The baptism of concurrence will now follow and other members of the national household may as well make up their minds to accept the situation.

WHEN a steam roller and a locomotive met near South Haven the steam roller was demolished. A word to the wise politician is sufficient.

IT was an imaginative poet, no less than Shakespeare, who originated—perhaps created—the idea that boys do not like to go to school. In his seven ages of man he tells us: "Till the whining schoolboy, with his satchel, And shining morning face, creeping like snail Unwillingly to school."

WE fall to note the difference accompanying the distinction drawn by the esteemed Harper's Weekly when it says: "Law ought to hit traffic in immorality wherever it can, but traffic is one thing and the ordinary personal choice of two individuals is, another."

THERE are many good roads about South Bend, but their association with many more bad ones puts all in the same class.

AS far as we can learn Mr. Metcalf's new comet has caused very little loss of sleep in South Bend, and people, who happen to be awake are not looking that way.

BESIDES, the comet is not coming this way.

WHY should we worry?
C. N. F.

THE RED BUTTON
A MYSTERY STORY OF NEW YORK
By WILL IRWIN
Copyright, The Hobbs-Merrill Company.

(Continued from Tuesday.)

Betsy-Barbara considered.

"It may not mean anything," she said, "and it may mean a good deal."

She considered again. "Even if the diamonds were there, maybe it had nothing to do with our case. If anybody had been robbed that night, if there had been any signs of a burglar, his evidence would be very important. But the police say that the house wasn't entered. Then again, what became of the diamonds? It seems no one else noticed them."

Well, remarked Tommy North cynically, "there were a great many policemen in the house."

Betsy-Barbara walked on, still thinking. "Maybe, I'm afraid, though, that it might be only an aberration," she said finally.

"Perhaps," echoed Tommy North. And now, having finished his introduction, he approached the subject nearest his heart.

"Of course, that's all," he said, "except that I owe you an apology for my condition last night."

"It is yourself," said Betsy-Barbara, "that you owe the apology. Mr. North, why did you do it—again?"

"I did it because in Tommy North's impulses to tell exactly why he did it—to come out with the truth, accompanied by his opinion of philanthropic Spaniards. But that would have amounted to a declaration; and to declare his love to Betsy-Barbara was leagues beyond his present courage."

"Oh," he said, carelessly, desperately. "I got a jolt. That's all. And I took it out in booze. I said Betsy-Barbara, 'You told me, said Betsy-Barbara, 'that you don't like the taste of the stuff. That's why you drink, then—to console yourself when you're in trouble. Doesn't that show rather poor courage?'"

"Now, I'm in trouble. And constance—Mrs. Hanksa—is in deep, deep trouble. Suppose we drank every time it hurt! I don't believe you know what real trouble is—even if you were arrested unjustly."

"Well, it isn't always that."

"No; you told me the other night it was because you hadn't anything better to do. Mr. North," she added, suddenly lifting her blue eyes to his, "your need is something else to do. You're out of a job. How many jobs have you had since you came to New York?"

By now they had crossed Twenty-eighth st., and reached the whirl and glitter of morning on Fifth av. Already the morning crowd of shoppers, women of the exclusive class who scorn the gaze but cheaper than the parade, debated before shop-windows or held social intercourse at corners. On the pavement the procession of coaches and motors was beginning. Already the stalwart, soldierly, traffic square policeman was opening lanes for pedestrians with waves of his white-gloved hands. The windows, each an artistic creation, blossomed with the richest goods of the five continents. There was all alive, beautiful, and—most of all to the country observer of Betsy-Barbara—smart. It was made for the temptation of woman. As Tommy North talked, Betsy-Barbara's eye traveled to this lovely frock that glared at window. Still, after the universal habit of her sex, she kept her mind on the main subject, in spite of these distractions of the eye. The inner part of her was listening and following. Yet the gay parade, the autumn touch in the air, obviously raised her spirits, obviously put her in a mood to regard Tommy's derelictions, tenderly, even humorously.

"I came here to find a great commercial career—as bill-clerk in a produce house," he said. "That job lasted three months—as long as the concern did. Then I accepted a slight promotion—conclusion from a hanker. At least, that was what he called himself. When I found that he was getting 200 per cent. from advances on salary, I separated myself from that position just in time to keep out of the Tombs. Then I consented to lend my trained financial mind to the operations of the Silver Chain Mining Co. I had an office that looked like Buckingham palace—rich but not gaudy. There was an Andrea del Sarto effect in wall-paper over my desk, and at my right hand an onyx mantle containing a bull in pure coin silver, which was a hint of what we intended to do to the market. There, when I was not composing great works of imaginative fiction for country investors, I used to sit and dream of great projects for the betterment of the human race—all from my profits. But one day while I was writing a letter—we were short of stenographers—In comes a coarse, practical country employee and snakes the typewriter from under my fingers and the desk from under the typewriter and the rug from under the desk, and wraps them all around the cashier's cage and goes away. Then I went into a broker's office, selling bonds. I was there four months." He hesitated.

"And what was the trouble there?" inquired Betsy-Barbara, turning from a Parisian hobble to regard him severely.

"Well," answered Tommy, "you see, three or four of us went to dinner one night at a place where the turkey-trot is danced between courses. When we came out it pleased us to ride to Rector's in a butcher-wagon. Highly original—oh, yes—and pleased every one except our boss, who was entering from his own machine at the same moment. Next morning they passed me my pay on the end of a curtain pole. About that time a cabaret offered me a regular job to turkey-trot. But I passed that up. I believe in remaining an amateur, in keeping my art separate from vulgar commerce. So I became chauffeur to an elevator. The starter found, after two weeks, that I was temperamental. Sterling personal reliability is more useful in running an elevator than temperament. So when they chased me from the front door, I wandered past an advertising agency. I didn't know anything about that business, which is why I got the job. I made good, too."

"How many places in the advertising business?" inquired his relentless inquisitor.

"Four."

"The same story with them all?"

"Pretty nearly the same."

"And you never lost a place for incompetence?"

"No. It's the only thing I can say for myself."

"Let's hear more details," said Betsy-Barbara.

By the time Tommy had expanded to her satisfaction, they were past Forty-fifth st. The shops were beginning to give way to old residences, left behind stranded by the up-town movement of fashion. Two women—bearing in their move, their elegant simplicity of dress, their exquisite length of line, the brand of the American barbarian—had stopped to chat in the soft, clipped, affected accents of their class. Betsy-Barbara regarded them as she turned over in her mind the case of this troublesome pupil.

"No, North," she said at length, "I'm going to ask a very personal question. I'm not asking it for curiosity. I've a reason, which I'll state later—have you saved any money?"

"Brace yourself for the shock," replied Tommy, "but I really have. I inherited three hundred dollars a while ago. And my mother made me promise one thing—that I'd save a little every week. I have five hundred dollars in the bank."

Betsy-Barbara nodded her wise and golden head.

"That will do beautifully for a start," she said.

"A start at what?" inquired Tommy. (To be Continued.)

WHEN HELLER SAYS IT'S OAK, IT'S OAK

AUTO AMBULANCE SERVICE.
HIRAM C. KRIEGHBAUM
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
203 E. Main St.
Phones—Home 5005; Bell 405.

PELKEY ADMITS HIS FIGHT WAS FRAMED
Quits His Manager and Says That Bout With Burns Was Practiced in Garret.
PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 9.—Arthur Pelkey, the heavyweight fighter whose victory over Luther McCarty in Calgary arena was followed by the latter's death, has parted company with Tommy Burns, his manager. Immediately after cancelling his contract with Burns, Pelkey Tuesday gave to a Portland sporting editor a signed "confession" in which he alleged that he and Burns faked their six-round fight at Calgary, March 26, last. Pelkey charges that Burns took advantage of the fact that he was penniless and induced him to "frame up" the match, and that they rehearsed the battle nightly in a garret. Pelkey asserts that he has never had an offer to fight Jack Johnson at Paris. Telegrams pretending to convey invitations to clash with Johnson for large purses were cooked up, he said, for press agent purposes.

CHURCH TO ORGANIZE MEN'S BROTHERHOOD
Dr. F. M. Fox, Chicago, to Assist in Work at the Trinity Presbyterian.

Dr. F. M. Fox of Chicago will be in South Bend next week to help organize the brotherhood at the Trinity Presbyterian church. The exact date will be arranged later. It is planned to interest the older men of the church in the class.

"The Little Brown Church in the Wildwood" will be the special feature song to be used in a musical program to be put on at the church next Sunday afternoon. A quartet will feature on the program which has been arranged.

It will be made up of the following: Leslie G. Whitcomb, Milton B. Griffith, Claude Anderson and E. E. Krueger. An orchestra and a chorus with 25 voices will also take a big part in the program.

Stops Falling Hair
Hall's Hair Renewer certainly stops falling hair. No doubt about it whatever. You will surely be satisfied.

FARMERS TAKE UP FIGHT ON CHOLERA
Animals Will be Vaccinated in an Effort to Prevent Spread of the Plague.
As a means of preventing the spreading of hog cholera which is now threatening to bring about a heavy loss to every hog raiser of the country, many of them have begun to vaccinate their animals.

J. D. Collins, living northwest of the city, will vaccinate several large pens of hogs this week. For some time John S. Borden has been urging the need of the use of serum to prevent total loss.

Many of the farmers are getting together in a united effort to wipe out the plague, and it is thought that their co-operative efforts will be largely instrumental in bringing a speedy halt to the disease among the pigs. Borden expresses appreciation as the farmers have gone about the proposition jointly, as he believes that he will be able to get them together to fight the disease which could not have been done by the farmers separately.

SOME NEWS NOTES.
Davies' Laundry. Both phones.
Leslie, the optician, 501 S. Mich. st.
Dr. Stoenley, Dentist, 513 J. M. S.
Walsh & Best, Dentist, Room 8, J. M. S. Bldg.
Rubber stamps and alphabets made by H. A. Pershing, 230 S. Michigan st., room 6, over Burke's. Advt.
I you have stomach or bowel trouble, heart, liver or kidney disease, Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do you more good in less time, than any other remedy—because it restores natural conditions. At all druggists, 35c. Cooley Drug Store. Advt.

No Bugaboos Down Cellar
Children can save you many tedious steps; but the tired mother hates to send a child into a dark cellar, and children dislike to go there.
No cellar need be dark now-a-days, to terrify children and worry older people. A ray of sunshine from an **Edison Mazda Lamp** conveniently located in the cellar-way will brighten the darkest cellar at the mere touch of a switch.

The new low-wattage Edison Mazda Lamps are the most economical lamps for cellars, basements, closets and other parts of the house which need light only intermittently for brief periods of time. Try a few and realize their convenience.

Every dark corner can be safely lighted with Electric Light. It is the most economical light to be had. Let us give you a figure on wiring your home. Our home wiring proposition is the most attractive ever offered in the city.

Indiana & Michigan Electric Company
220-222 W. Colfax Avenue

SMOKER
THE COLORED REPUBLICANS
of South Bend will give a smoker at Republican headquarters, 120 South Main street Friday evening, Sept. 12, 1913. Music by Child's quartet. Good speakers. Everybody invited.